

## TO A CONSOLING FRIEND.

Sweet is the music of friendship remember'd,  
To a tender heart nurtured in sorrow;  
'Tis like the soft tones of distant bells temper'd,  
By the hopes of a festive to-morrow.

How gently the kind accents fall,  
When sympathy whispers to woe;  
Or the tear tales of others recall,  
The days of our sadness below!

But ever this tender heart doom'd to misfortune,  
Must retire from the voice of its charmer;  
Lest she too, be twined in the web of his fortune,  
And the star of his destiny harm her.

How sad is the curse of that soul,  
Whose loves and whose sorrows contend,  
And whose torment's the bitter control,  
Which his fate may inflict on his friend!

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## FEMALE INFLUENCE.

When thoughts are sadly strolling  
To scenes of woe and qualm;  
The breath of lips consoling,  
Brings sweet and holy calm.

When hearts are fondly grieving,